

My Dreamy Old Husband Chapter 756

When he turned, he expectedly saw a pair of blue eyes that were in the color of a thousand-year-old lake, leaving him in shock.

Save for the difference in the color of that person's irises, the one who stood in front of him resembled Cooper! Based on his own memory, that was how Cooper looked!

The Old Master looked equally shocked. *Where did they find such a lookalike? He looks so lifelike!*

Sean was evidently thrilled. "Old Master, this is Cooper! Cooper's not dead and has finally returned!"

Cooper is still alive! Members of the Mitchell Family were taken aback as they turned to see who the man was.

All eyes were on Cooper as he took a swift stride toward Woody. Cooper was choked up in tears as he digested the sight of an aged person's body. Then, without saying anything, he fell to his knees in front of the old man.

"Father!"

Cooper's body shook as he shouted that word.

He now realized how ignorant and defiant he was in the past—he had been extremely cruel to have left Woody on his own...

Woody beamed when he saw Cooper. "Coop, you're back!"

Cooper took his father's dry, bony hand in his and blurted, "I'm back. I'm finally home."

He looked over at Mark Fletcher and was choked up in tears before he added, "I'm back, Godfather."

It is really Cooper! He is now here!

Cooper was actually still alive! In all honesty, Mark wanted to give him two slaps across his face to teach him a lesson—he never knew how much Woody and Sophia yearned to see him all those years!

However, he never showed up! Mark had many things on his mind that he wanted to say to him, but the words were stuck in his throat and he could not seem to say it as he was trembling in tears. "Where have you been all these years?"

Cooper choked and replied, "I did not die as I was rescued back then. After that, I went to Africa to work as a miner and have been there ever since!"

Mining... in Africa. Old Master Fletcher's mind pictured a scene where Cooper was mining for coal in a faraway place called Africa. If he disobeyed his orders, he would be whipped by a foreman who stood nearby. Cooper's passport and ID card had been snatched and he had no chance of leaving...

"My dear Coop, you have suffered a lot..." Mark could only imagine what Cooper endured all those years and he couldn't help but tear up.

Cooper now gazed at his father, who was now aging and sported gray hair, while being speechless as he tried to stop himself from crying. "Father..."

Woody looked at Cooper and smiled. "My son, come here... I have a few words that I would like to say to you."

Cooper leaned his ears closer to Woody and heard the latter's whisper. "Remember that young lady a long time ago? I have secretly released her and given her a sum of money. You should go and look for her. Find her and..." The words trailed off, leaving the sentence to be unfinished.

Woody now gasped for air—a smile was still on his face and his hands tightly gripped Cooper's for a long time...

The news headlines of that day in Cethos were all about Woody—the man who was with Cethos for a lifetime finally allowed himself to seek eternal peace with a final smile of glory.

He had taken over the family business in his younger years and brought it to greater heights. He actively participated in the development of Cethos and exercised all efforts to support the revolution. Not too long after the founding of the country, he kept abreast with its economy and even took its financial matters into his own hands.

However, life was extremely miserable for Woody—after losing his father in his youth, he was a middle-aged widower before his son in his later years gave him a taste of life's ultimate suffering in a lifetime.

After Woody passed on, Cooper remained by his father's bedside in the ward for what seemed like an eternity without moving or speaking. Tears continued to stream down his face—it appeared glum and deep in thought, as if he was mentally elsewhere.

Mark then asked everyone to leave the room to give the father and son a few moments to themselves.

Outside the ward, the Mitchell Family resumed their pretense of sobbing. It was not long after Woody's death that they approached Mark and asked, "Old Master Fletcher, how about the property entrusted to you by our forefather..."

Mark rolled his century-old eyes. "For Pete's sake, what property are you speaking of? If I did not mention it, would you guys have shown up?"

Upon hearing about Cooper's death, Woody had been beside himself. Not only did the Mitchell Family take over Woody's land and property, but they also reclaimed it on the grounds that the latter had no rights as he did not own it.

In other words, Woody was nothing short of someone's private property in which the Mitchell Family had all but taken away! He did not have any house under his name and they did not pay for a single cent in alimony—they only depended on Cooper's old faction to support Woody since then.

Mark now pointed unceremoniously at some noses and spat, "Look at yourselves—you wouldn't come to visit him when he was well and alive. Now that he's dead, all of you are here and pretending to be filial for a slice of the inheritance? Heck, even if I have it, I wouldn't

give anything to you now that my godson is back! I would rather give the inheritance to him if I had it!"

The words hit home for some of the members of the Mitchell Family. Each of them were silent as they lacked the courage to defend the obvious. Over the years, only a few of them would regularly visit Woody—or whatever was left of that old man.

The truth was that the Mitchells would not have paid Woody a visit for as long as he lived, regardless of time or distance.

Cooper grieved in silence, contemplating the sight of his dead father on the bed. It was not until half an hour later that he opened the door of the ward and finally stepped out.

He was now the one being judged by those who were in front of him. Although he looked like the same person twenty years ago, his behavior resembled that of a king and those brooding eyes were no longer downcast. No one could guess his thoughts.

The family members were puzzled. *Could this really be Cooper?*

No, he can't be Cooper. He must be an imposter who's here to take advantage of Woody's last moments to swindle the old man's money!

He must have inherited all of Woody's property. How can a person look the same as they were more than twenty years later? Even if he was Cooper, nonetheless, he was a traitor to the Mitchell Family!

However, Mark seemed to have identified the man as Cooper and joy danced in his eyes. "Coop, you are finally back. You're now here..."

As Cooper had made his appearance, he naturally wanted to handle Woody's funeral like how a son should. Cooper replied in a low voice, "Yup."

Mark nervously watched him before he spoke in a worried voice, "You were stuck in the mineshaft digging coal for more than twenty years. Why didn't you call home? If you had done so, I'd have gone to rescue you, no matter how far you were!"

Cooper pulled Mark aside yet those around them could still hear his reply. "There was no signal inside the coal mine. I had no way to contact you and the family."

Sean rushed toward the two of them. The older members of the Mitchell Family had witnessed the return of the revered leader who left more than 20 years ago and hurried along—one by one. It was such good news because the family had hope with Cooper's return!

Despite what seemed like a positive event, the other two factions did not feel elated. *Is that Cooper? Huh, who does he think he is? Even if it is truly him, they would not recognize his presence—and he claims that he was forced to dig for coal in a mineshaft for more than twenty years?*

Cooper spent the rest of the day listening to the Fletcher Family addressing the Old Master.

The old man still reared many cats and dogs at home. Old Master Fletcher eagerly picked up a sizable orange cat and dumped it in Cooper's arms. "Look at it—you still remember the litter of kittens you took care of all those years ago, right? They are all here... Even your cats, your photos as well as your little turtles have all been taken care of by me all this while..."

Speaking of the turtle, the old man suddenly remembered that he had given the turtle away to someone else—and could have given it to Cooper's daughter!

He closely observed Cooper with tears swimming in his eyes. *How am I going to break the news to him that he still has a daughter? But, she is...*

With no other choice, Mark knew that he needed to tell Cooper the truth at that moment and choked. "Coop, you still have a daughter..."

Cooper surprised Mark by remaining stoic about the news before he replied with a smile, "Godfather, she is still alive. I have found her."

The old man could hardly believe Cooper's words and looked at him in surprise. "Are you saying that... Is Sophie still alive?"